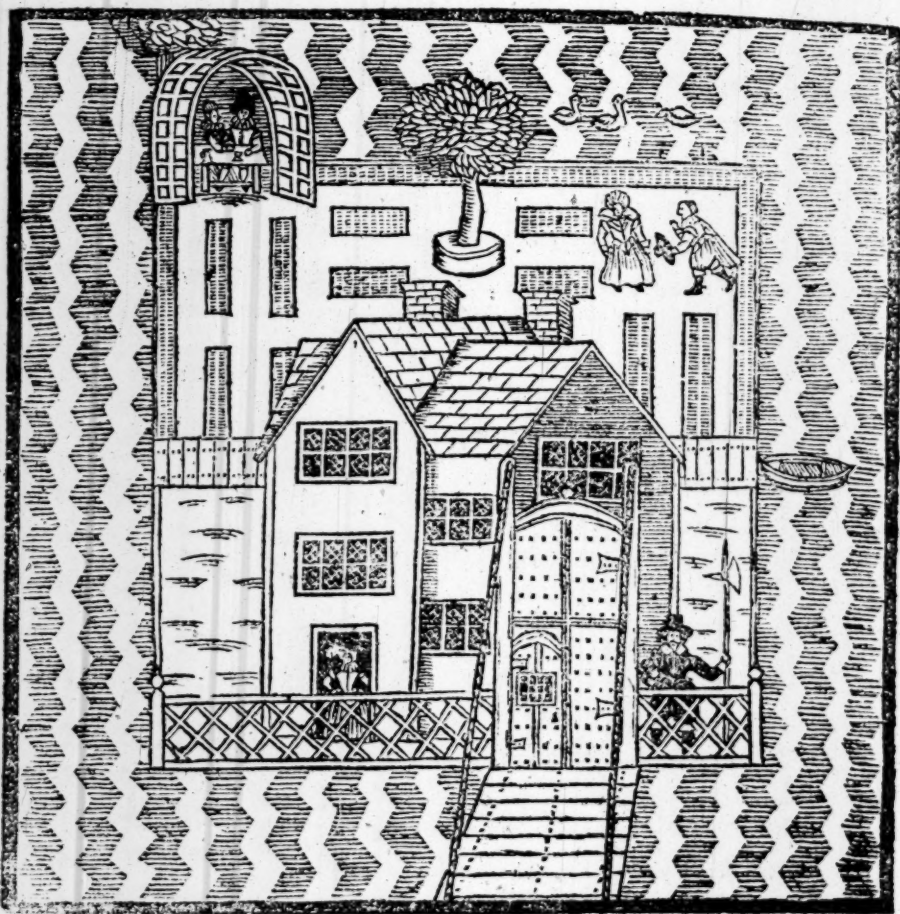


The Map of Mock-begger Hall, with his situation in
the spacious Countrey, called, *any where.*

To the tune of *It is not your Netherne Nenny : or*
Sweet is the Losse that Loues mee.



I Reade in ancient times of yore,
That men of trothy calling
Build almshouses and Spittles store,
Which now are all downe falling :
And few men seeke them to repaire,
For is there one among twenty,
That for good deeds will take any care,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

Farne houses which their fathers built,
And Land well kept by tillage;
Their Prodigall sons have sold for gilt,
In euery Towne and village.
To th' City and Court they doe resort
With gold and siluer plenty,
And there they spend their time in sport;
While mock beggers hall stands empty.

Poore Landlords when to age they come,
Their rents they will be racking,
The tenant must giue a golden sum,
Or else he is turn'd packing,
Great fines and deable rent beside,
Or else they'l not content be,
It is to maintaine their monstrous pride,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

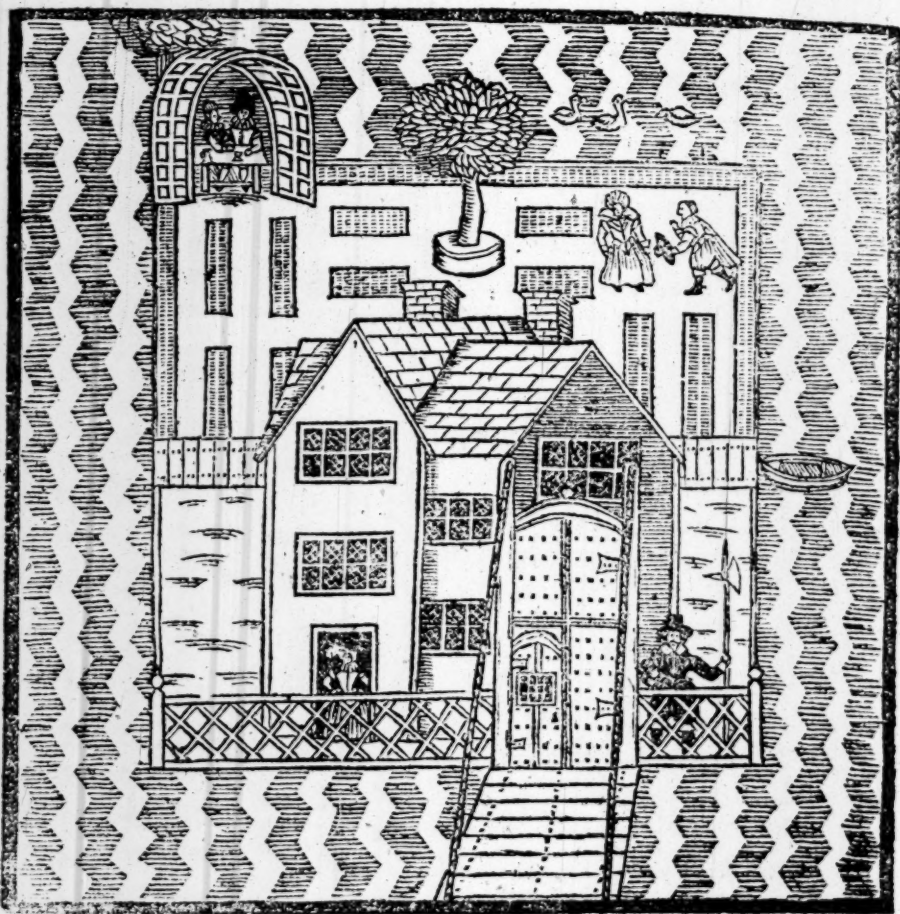
Their fathers went in homely fets,
And good plaine broad-cloth breeches,
Their stockings with the same agrees,
Sow'd on with good strong fitches.
They were not then call'd Gentlemen,
Though they had wealth great plenty,
Now euery gul's growne worshipfull,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

No gold nor siluer parchment lace
Was weorne but by our Nobles,
For would the honest harmlesse face,
Weare Ruffes with so many doubles,
Our hands were to our shirts sowne then,
For cloath was sell as plenty,
Now one band hath more cloath than ten,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

Now we are Apes in imitation,
The more indeed's the pitty,
The City followes the Strangers fashion,
The Countrey followes the City,
And ere one fashion is knowne throughout,
Another they will inuent y^e,
Tis all your gallants study about,
While mock beggers hall stands empty.

The Map of Mock-begger Hall, with his situation in
the spacious Countrey, called, *any where.*

To the tune of *It is not your Netherne Nenny : or
Sweet is the Losse that Loues mee.*



I Reade in ancient times of yore,
That men of trothy calling
Build almshouses and Spittles store,
Which now are all downe falling :
And few men take them to repaire,
For is there one among twenty,
That for good deeds will take any care,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

Farne houses which their fathers built,
And Land well kept by tillage;
Their Prodigall sons have sold for gilt,
In every Towne and village.
To th' City and Court they doe resort
With gold and silver plenty,
And there they spend their time in sport;
While mock beggers hall stands empty.

Young Landlords when to age they come,
Their rents they will be racking,
The tenant must give a golden sum,
Or else he is turn'd packing,
Great fines and deable rent beside,
Or else they'l not content be,
It is to maintaine their monstrous pride,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

Their fathers went in homely fets,
And good plaine broad-cloth breeches,
Their stockings with the same agrees,
Sow'd on with good strong fitches.
They were not then call'd Gentlemen,
Though they had wealth great plenty,
Now every gul's growne worshipfull,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

No gold nor silver parchment lace
Was weorne but by our Nobles,
For would the honest harmlesse face,
Weare Ruffes with so many doubles,
Our hands were to our shirts sowne then,
For cloath was full as plenty,
Now one band hath more cloath than ten,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

Now we are Apes in imitation,
The more indeed's the pitty,
The City follows the Strangers fashion,
The Countrey follows the City,
And ere one fashion is knowne throughout,
Another they will invent yet,
Tis all your gallants study about,
While mock beggers hall stands empty.

The second part, To the same tune.



Mo thinks it is a great reproach
To those that are nobly descended,
When for their pleasures cannot have a Coach,
Wherewith they might be attended,
But every beggerly Jacke and Gill
That eate scant a good meale in twenty,
Shall those in the streets be salted still,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

There's some are railed thozow the streets,
Probatur est, I tell it,
Whose names are insapt in parchment hats,
It grieues their hearts to spell it,
They are not able two men to keepe,
With a coachman they must content be,
Which at playhouse dozes in his box lies all day,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

Our Gentlewomen whose meates is nothing
Do that which they make shew of,
Shall use all the fashions in their cloathing,
Which they can heare or know of,
They take such care themselves to decke,
What money is left so scanty,
The belly is foy'd to complaine of the backe,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

It may well be that some will muse,
Wherfore in this relation,
The name of mocke begger I doe use,
Without any explanation,
To cleare which doubt before I end,
Because they shall all content be,
To shew the meaning I doe intend,
Of mock begger hall still empty.

Some Gentlemen and Citizens have
In diuers eminent places,
Credited houses rich and hause,
Which stand for the owners graces,
Let any poore to such a doore
Come, they expecting plenty,
They there may ask till their throats are sore,
For mock begger hall stands empty.

Thus in these times we can perceiue
Small charity comfart yielding,
For pride doth men of grace bereane,
Not onely in cloathes but in building,
Man makes the senseless Cones and dycke
Which by heauens goodnesse lent be,
Crypse his pride by these vaine tricks,
Thus mock begger hall stands empty.

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